WAR GOVERNORS.

CHAT WITH ANDREW GREGG CURTIN, PENNSYLVANIA.

Some Interesting Incidents in An Eventful Life.

Story of Lincoln's First Nomination—Story of the Famous Altoona Conference.

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BELLEFONTE, PA.—[Special]—The shadows of the evening are falling about him; time has silvered his hair and curved deep lines in his fine, strong face, but the name of Andrew Gregg Curtin is graven in deep letters on the pages of his country's history and will endure. He long since took his place in the front rank of the men who saved the Union. This afternoon I sat and talked with him in the pleasant home in which he is spending his old age, and that which follows is the result of what I heard.

Sprung from the sturdy Scotch-Irish stock which has played so large a part in American history, Andrew Gregg Curtin, intended by a well-to-do father for the bar, entered politics at an early age, became one of the founders of the Republican party, and in February, 1860, was made its first candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. Lincoln and Seward were then the leading aspirants for the Republican nomination, and the success of the former was due

ANDREW GREGG CURTIN.

as much to Governor Curtin as to any other man. "Though not a delegate," said Governor Curtin, "I went to the Chicago convention determined to do all in my power to prevent the nomination of Senator Seward. I had no personal bias in the matter, for at that time I had not become personally acquainted with either Seward or Lincoln. I knew, however, in my own state at least a large part of those who would support Bell and Everett, if Seward was nominated, would under other circumstances come to us. My sole opposition to Senator Seward was based upon his want of strength in Pennsylvania, as the natural result of defeat in that state in October would have been a national defeat in November.

"Among the first gentlemen I met after my arrival in Chicago was Henry S. Lane, the Republican candidate for governor of Indiana, and John D. Defrees of the same state. I told them what were my fears as to the consequences that would follow the nomination of Senator Seward, and they replied that the choice of the New York senator as a candidate would prove equally disastrous to Republican chances in Indiana, and the delegation from that state would vote solidly for Lincoln as long as there was hope for his nomination. Together we visited the delegates as they arrived and advised them as to what, in our opinion, was the wisest course to follow. However, we found the majority of them inclined to support Seward, and when the convention met on Wednesday it was plain to be seen that he was the favorite.

"An adjournment was taken over night. On Thursday the situation had changed but little, and had the convention proceeded to ballot on that day Senator Seward surely would have been nominated. Fortunately for those of us who opposed his nomination, the business men of Chicago had tendered the convention a boat ride on the lake. The temptation to enjoy the excursion proved stronger than the desire to ballot, and this, coupled with some delay in the delivery of the ballots, the cause of which I have now forgotten, postponed the voting until Friday. Thursday night Lane and I again saw all the state delegations and told the delegates that with Lincoln as the candidate we could carry Pennsylvania and Indiana in October by handsome majorities, but that if Seward was nominated our defeat was certain.

"As one of the results of our labors it was agreed among the Pennsylvania delegates that after giving a complimentary vote for General Simon Cameron on the first ballot, their entire strength on subsequent ballots should go to Lincoln. The first ballot showed 173½ votes for Seward and 102 for Lincoln.

On the second ballot the Pennsylvania delegation changed from Cameron to Lincoln, causing an immediate and fatal break in the lines of the Seward men. Before the ballot closed the Vermont and New Jersey delegates, among whom we had done effective work the night before, deserted Seward for Lincoln, and the announcement of the vote showed 184½ votes for Seward and 181 for Lincoln.

Changes to Lincoln followed each other in rapid succession during the progress of the third ballot, and before it was ended Lincoln had 131½ votes, 33 being required to nominate. Then our of the Ohio delegates changed to Lincoln, assuring his nomination, and before the ballot closed 354 out of the 446 delegates had declared in his favor. William M. Evarts, Henry J. Raymond and Thurlow Weed, the Seward leaders, who had been confident of his nomination until the last, were amazed and dumfounded at the result; but Evarts promptly moved that Lincoln's nomination should be made unanimous, and with the enthusiasm that usually attends an event of the kind the motion was carried.

"In Pennsylvania President Lincoln secured half of the Democratic faction upon which the Bell and Everett leaders had confidently relied, and his nomination proved, as I had all along believed that it would, the very strongest that could have been made."

Inaugurated in January, 1861, Governor Curtin was compelled at the very outset of his administration to meet the gravest responsibilities, and to cope with the most vital questions that can arise in the history of a free people, but he proved equal to every task, meeting each emergency that arose during the six years he occupied the gubernatorial chair with a tireless patriotism, unfaltering courage, and prompt and unerring judgment, which marked him as worthy to take rank among the first, if not as the very first, of the little group of truly great men who governed the loyal states from 1860 to 1865.

The import of the events which followed the election of President Lincoln was plain to him from the first, and the speedy coming of the contest was made even more manifest than it had been before by the circumstances of President Lincoln's journey from Springfield to Washington to enter upon the discharge of his duties. President Lincoln journeyed by way of Harrisburg, arriving there on Friday, February 22, and it was then that Governor Curtin met him for the first time. He addressed the state legislature in the afternoon and later held a public reception. "After the reception," says Governor Curtin, "a private conference was held in the parlor of the hotel at which the presidential party was stopping. There were present beside the president, N. B. Judd, Ward H. Lamon, Judge David Davis, Colonel E. V. Sumner and one or two more of those who were traveling with the president. N. B. Judd told us that from two different sources—Allen G. Pinkerton in the first and a party of New York detectives in the second instance—information had been received of a plot to assassinate the president during his passage through Baltimore, and to guard against danger it had been arranged that the president should return on a special train to Philadelphia that evening, and take the night express on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, thus throwing the conspirators, who expected him to go to Washington over the Northern Central railroad, off the scent.

"Encouraged by the president's cool and collected bearing, I at first discouraged the idea of a secret journey, advising the president-elect to travel by daylight, volunteering to go with him in person. But when full and convincing proof of the plot was laid before us by Mr. Judd, knowing that the assassination of the head of the government would bring national ruin, I instantly changed my mind and joined in devising means to secure his safety. In the evening a public dinner was given the president, and at its close I invited him to go and spend the night at my house. He accepted the invitation, and to allay suspicions all members of his party but Colonel Lamon were left behind at the hotel. We were at once driven in a closed carriage to the outskirts of the city, where a special train, consisting of an engine, tender and passenger car, was standing. I stood on the street crossing until I saw them enter the car, and then went home. The wires between Harrisburg and Washington and between the former city and Philadelphia had already been cut to prevent any news of his movements getting abroad, and with Colonel Lamon as his only companion he started on the journey to Washington. Early the next morning we received word that the trip had been made in safety and that President Lincoln was in Washington."

Governor Curtin early became one of President Lincoln's trusted advisers. Their meetings were frequent and each soon came to appreciate the other's worth at its full value.

"President Lincoln," says the governor, "when I first met him, did not impress me as being a great man. His greatness was then in a measure still dormant. The war developed and brought out the latent qualities of leadership within him that would never have become manifest save under such trying conditions. As a judge of men and as a gauger of public opinion and sentiment he was almost infallible. His gifts in this respect were truly marvelous and have never, to my knowledge, been equaled. Every time that I met him, and for four years I was with him almost weekly, I was more and more impressed with the grandeur of his character, brought into strong relief as it was by the lights and shadows of the war."

Governor Curtin regards as erroneous the popular impression that the president in issuing his emancipation proclamation was not influenced by the meeting of the loyal governors at Altoona to protest against the further existence of slavery.

"As a matter of fact," says the governor, "there was a full and complete agreement between the president and the gentlemen who took part in the Altoona conference. That conference had its inception in a dispatch I sent to Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, early in September, 1862, telling him that, in my opinion, the time had come to give the war a definite aim and end, and that it seemed to me that the governors of the loyal states should take prompt, united and decided action in the matter. Governor Andrew replied that he shared the same views, and a voluminous correspondence between us and the governors of the other Northern States followed. Finally, Governor Andrew and I went to see the president. He told us that he was preparing a proclamation emancipating the slaves, and asked us if it would not

GOVERNOR JOHN A. ANDREW.

be advisable for him to wait until we had requested him to act before issuing it. We told him by all means he should issue it first and we would at once follow it up with a strong address of commendation and support. As a result of our interview with the president, it was agreed that the course which Governor Andrew and I proposed should be followed.

"With that understanding the conference met at Altoona September 24, 1862. Though the president's proclamation had already appeared, we found several of the governors hesitating and doubtful. However, the majority favored unswerving support of the president, and after a conference of several hours Governor Andrew and I were selected to draft the address. Governor Andrew wrote it that evening, I sitting by his side and making suggestions and changes as he went along. When it was finished he arose and walked the floor nervously. Both of us felt keenly the weight of the tremendous results that would follow our action; I look back with pride and pleasure to the fact that I was first to sign the address. Governor Andrew signed next and the others an hour or so later. The only one who did not sign the address was Governor Bradford, of Maryland. 'Gentlemen,' he said, "I am with you heart and soul, but I am a poor man, and if I sign that address I may be a ruined one.' Under these circumstances we all agreed that Governor Bradford should do as he did. The following afternoon, having gone from Altoona to Washington for the purpose, we presented our address to the president.

"We feared at the time that the bold stand that we took would cost us one election, but subsequent events showed that we had struck while the iron was hot and had touched the popular chord. My own triumphant reelection the following year was one evidence of this and elsewhere the endorsement of our course was fully as flattering and unmistakable."

Governor Curtin, retiring from the governorship in 1867, took an active part in the election of General Grant, and the latter, in the first days of his administration, sent him as minister to Russia, where, for three years, he represented this country with distinction. Returning home in 1872, he took a prominent and influential part in the proceedings of the Pennsylvania constitutional convention. For the nine years that followed Governor Curtin took no active part in politics. When he re-entered public life, in 1881, it was as a Democrat, and as such he served for six years in the lower house of congress. At the close of the forty-ninth congress he retired permanently from office, and is spending his last days here in Bellefonte.

At seventy-seven Governor Curtin is still a well-preserved man. His tall form—he is over six feet—is slim and erect. His large and shapely head is covered with a thick mass of silver hair, while a broad, high forehead overtops a Roman nose in full harmony with the square, resolute jaws. Eyes of dark gray complete a strong and striking face. As is often the case with men of positive character who, when aroused, fight fiercely and ask for no quarter, Governor Curtin possesses a noble and generous heart and one of the kindest natures. The love and esteem in which he is held in his mountain home are universal, and the poor know him as their most constant and generous friend.

RUFUS R. WILSON.

SCATTERED ROSES.

A little maiden strayed one day
Where roses bloomed along the hedges,
Where dancing daisies decked the way,
And ferns peeped out from mossy sedges.

She heaped her little wooden cart
With the bright blooms to overflowing,
Then turned to go, her little heart
Unconscious where her feet were going.

A hillside lay along before,
With every step the child ascended,
She spilled her roses more and more
Till all were gone, and day was ended.

And when the maiden came not back
Came anxious loved ones out to find her
And traced her by the rosy track
Of all the flowers she left behind her.

Our little maiden grows in grace,
Her path along life's highway leading.
Her still ascending feet we trace
By flowers she droppeth, still unheeding.
—Detroit Free Press.

THE ASSASSIN.

Polydore Chapoteau, grocer, had retired from business. He had taken a house in the country, where he raised chickens and lived happily. He was considered among the fortunate few who realized their dreams here below.

Chapoteau was a good fellow and was fond of entertaining his neighbors. Champignol was his best friend. They had played some famous games of billiards together and had become intimate, though not without a little rivalry in caroms. Champignol lived at the other end of the village, and every Thursday he came to take pot luck with Chapoteau.

Well, one Thursday when the melons were ripe Champignol arrived, as usual.

"Mme. Chopoteau and the servant have gone to the city and will not return till the last train. We are alone and must prepare our feast ourselves."

Champignol put on the servant's apron, Chapoteau his wife's apron, and while one prepared the vegetables the other one roasted the meat.

It was a fine feast. A melon just ripe, cultivated by Chapoteau with paternal tenderness, appeared at dessert. Champignol adored melons. He left only the rind and the seeds.

"I have eaten too much," he said after the coffee.

He became melancholy. Chapoteau got up, and without saying a word opened a drawer where his pharmacy was arranged, and taking one of the vials poured from it into Champignol's mouth a teaspoonful of medicine.

"You do not find me unprepared," he said. "Do you not feel better?"

Champignol rubbed his hand over his stomach and nodded affirmatively. Suddenly his chin dropped, and he appeared to be asleep.

"Refreshing sleep!" murmured Chapoteau, happy at the effect of his drug, and while waiting for Champignol to awaken he commenced to wash the dishes.

Half an hour later he returned to the room on his tiptoes. Champignol had not awakened.

"I will look after my chickens," said Chapoteau to himself.

Half an hour passed thus. Champignol still slept on.

"He is taking a long nap," thought Chapoteau. "I will arrange the lettuce."

That occupied a full hour. Now Champignol would surely be awake. But Champignol still slept.

"Ah, the idea!" growled Chapoteau, and he commenced to slap his friend on the back, gently at first, then harder and finally with his fists. Champignol did not move.

Then a cold shiver ran over Chapoteau. Had an accident happened to him? Could he have burst a blood vessel? Melons are traitorous.

He opened Champignol's hands and slapped them, opened his mouth and breathed into it. Finally, not knowing what to do, he began to tickle him under his arms and laughed loudly to excite him. In truth, poor Chapoteau had no desire at all to laugh.

Champignol remained as lifeless as a work of art.

"Perhaps it would be better to leave him alone. He will awaken himself."

Chapoteau walked about his garden, a prey to a vague agitation. Suddenly the idea came into his mind that his friend was playing him a trick.

He knelt before him.

"Now, Champignol, no more foolishness. You have deceived me long enough."

Champignol did not move.

"Champignol, dear old Champignol, my dear Champignol, Guonal, my little Pignol!"

Chapoteau employed all the tones of tenderness, surprise and terror. "Little Pignol" was said in a heartbroken way, with a trembling voice. A stone would have been touched, but Champignol remained insensible.

"Ah, that's it, is it?" said Chapoteau, and becoming fierce he gave his sleeping friend a blow in the face.

"There! Now we shall see!"

Champignol oscillated, swayed and fell forward with his head upon the table.

"Ah! You want to frighten me! That won't do! There and there!" He was becoming exasperated. The honest and gentle Chapoteau had been transfomed into an inquisitor.

Suddenly his arm fell. If this should be real! If it were not a joke of Champignol's!

He seized his hat and rushed out like the wind. Where should he go? For the doctor, parbleu! Why had he not thought of that sooner? He was only a few steps from the doctor's house when a terrible thought stopped him short.

He had given laudanum to Champignoll, to be sure, but he thought he had given him only a fair dose. Perhaps he had made a mistake. Perhaps he had poisoned Champignol. They would have an autopsy of the body. They would discover the poison. He would be arrested, judged, condemned and dragged to the scaffold!

To the scaffold!

The ideas clashed together in his head. He felt as if a mill wheel were revolving in his brain. He retraced his steps. Perhaps—who knows?—Champignol may have awakened at last!

Vain hope! Champignol had turned green. His hands were as cold as marble. His heart had ceased beating.

Their little pleasuring was turning into a tragedy. Chapoteau buried his head in his hands, sad, distracted, seeing nothing but that inert mass, those rigid members and closed eyes, and through the doors he seemed to hear the noise of the courtroom.

He was alone, without witnesses. No one could prove his innocence. Everything was against him. It would be impossible also to prove an alibi. People had seen Champignol come in, and it was known that he came every Thursday. They had seen him also walking in his garden. Chapoteau believed himself lost. Only one resource was left him. He took Champignol in his arms, lifted him from his chair, and pulling him by his shoulders, his head and his legs dragged him to the end of the garden. It was growing dark. Suddenly a board fell near to Chapoteau. He started, cried out, ready to struggle, thinking the officers had come to arrest him. The silhouette of a cat, prowling on the wall in the clear twilight, eased his mind a little.

Near the hedge there was a large round hole. Chapoteau rolled the body of his friend into it. His feet projected beyond, so he covered them with straw.

"Adieu, Champignol," he sobbed. There at least his victim was in a secure place. They would not discover him there very soon. Chapoteau would have time to escape.

He reached the fields, walking straight ahead, without plans. He had only one thought—to get away, to go to the end of the world, but his feet refused to carry him. Every few minutes he was obliged to sit down by the roadside. He had knotted a handkerchief about his head, so as not to be recognized. Already he was devising the ruses of the criminal.

Three hours had sufficed to lose his assured position, to make an assassin of him, to lower him to the ranks of the greatest rascals. What did his conscience matter to him? He would not be the less culpable in the eyes of the world, and his crime would appear all the more horrible because his victim had been his best friend. And yet he had been an honest man during 55 years. He had practiced all the virtues. He had dreamed of dying in his bed. Poor Chapoteau! Most unfortunate Mme. Chapoteau!

He saw himself on the bench of the accused. The judge was talking to him. They had spread out before him the victim's clothes, and in the darkness the crowd howled, stamped and threatened to kill him.

Then a greater fear spurred him on, and he began again to walk. Sometimes he stopped, believing he could hear some one running after him. The trees took on strange forms in the darkness. The wind whispered, "Poisoner!" He stopped for a long time on the bank of a pond trying to persuade himself to jump in.

A noise of footsteps caused him to look up suddenly. Two policemen were coming toward him. In the dusk they seemed enormous, like the pillars of the guillotine.

"It is all over," moaned poor Chapoteau, "they have followed me. They will arrest me."

He hid himself behind a hedge. The policemen passed on.

Chapoteau wandered for an hour or two. He could no longer see nor hear. His head swayed on his shoulders, as an empty gourd sways in the wind.

"By this time," he thought, "I should be in my bed at home."

And distracted by his fears he stumbled against a wall. There were houses in front of him, black as his crime, as his thoughts, as his remorse. However, a light gleamed beneath a door. Tired out, his strength and energy exhausted, he knocked. He heard voices inside. Finally they opened the door.

Chapoteau gave a loud cry.

"Champignol!"

It was Champignol in person. He had awakened in the hole and was still laughing at the joke.

Champignol a joker indeed! Chapoteau thought himself dreaming.

Then he had not given a fatal dose of laudanum—though a little too much, it is true.

He had not killed Champignol. He had not committed a crime! He would not die on the scaffold! He touched Champignol with the tips of his fingers, as one touches a delicate piece of game, fearing that this shape was only Champignol's shadow.

In reality, Chapoteau never forgave Champignol for the fright which he gave him that day.—Translated From the French For Romance.

Anointed Stones.

The custom of anointing stones with oil (see Genesis xxviii, 18, 19), and leaving them as memorial pillars or objects of worship was one that was very common among the ancients. The stones first worshiped were probably of meteoric origin, which, having been seen to fall from heaven, were easily associated with some deity. In Roman mythology Abadires was the name given to a stone which was worshiped because it was the general belief that it had once been swallowed by Saturn.

The "standing images" referred to as being prohibited in Leviticus (xxvi, 7) are thought to have been these same "anointed stones." In the light which modern investigation has thrown upon the curious customs of the early east, the act of Jacob which is recorded at the first Scriptural reference mentioned in this "note" is of special interest as showing the mood of his mind and heart after a night's entertainment of such a gracious and blessed vision. To this day the "anointed stones" of the orient are called Bactylia, which Bochart suggests may be derived from Bethel, where Jacob first anointed a pillar as a sacred memorial.—St. Louis Republic.

Eskimos and Tobacco.

"There are many interesting features about the Eskimos of Alaska," said A. C. Bruce, who is in charge of Lake Charles Reindeer station, at the Gibson. "One of the most interesting features of this peculiar people to me has been their habit of smoking. They are inveterate smokers without regard to sex. Their pipes are made of walrus tusks and are hollowed out in such a manner that a great deal of the tobacco as well as the smoke is inhaled. They will meet every whaling or other vessel, and almost any kind of a trade can be made for smoking tobacco. They will deliver up the ivory of the walrus at very much less than its value and take in exchange smoking tobacco at several times its real worth. The greatest punishment you can inflict upon an Eskimo is to deprive him of his tobacco."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Secret Defined.

A secret is a thing which you communicate to one whom you can trust. He, in turn, tells it to somebody that he can trust, and that somebody reveals it to another somebody whom he can trust. And so it goes the rounds, but it is still a secret, although everybody knows it.—Boston Transcript.